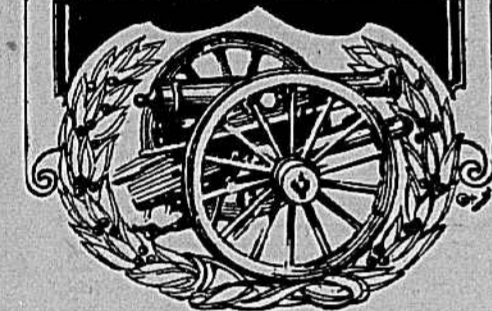


GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE IN BLUE AND GRAY

Reminiscence of the Civil War and of the Spanish-American Struggle in Which the Soldier-Diplomat Tells Two Interesting Stories.



MAJOR GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE
From a Photograph Taken in 1862



Those who were in Havana in the exciting days just preceding the Spanish-American War, and after the destruction of the ill-fated Maine, will remember Consul-General Fitzhugh Lee as a courteous and brave gentleman. Those of us who were fortunate enough to be thrown into intimate contact with him will always remember him as one of the kindest hearted men and one of the best fellows that ever lived.

Seated in the dining-room of the Ingletorre Hotel one evening early in April, 1898, half a score of Americans, mostly newspaper correspondents, surrounded Consul-General Lee, each demanding of him when he would leave Havana and what war would be declared. General Lee was evasive, and finally, to check the flood of questions, dropped into reminiscence of the Civil War.

"Your boys don't seem to realize," he said, "that this is a sad anniversary for me. Yet, in view of everything that has happened I don't know why I should call it sad. While I am proud of the struggle of the South made, and while, had we to do it over again, history would repeat itself, I am glad to-day that God reigns and the government at Washington still lives."

"It is just thirty-three years ago to-night that I led my cavalry in a forlorn hope south from Richmond. It has been said that I left the army with my men without the consent and approval of my uncle, General Robert E. Lee. That is not true, although it is true that he sent for me to return when he learned that General Grant's generous terms depended upon his ability to surrender the entire army."

"The last stand had been made and we fought the last fight we were capable of entering. For months we had seen the end approach, hoping against hope that a miracle would intervene to save the Confederacy. At last it became apparent that the end could be no longer delayed. When General Lee announced to us his decision to accept

the best terms for the surrender of the army that could be obtained from General Grant, I asked and received from him permission to skirt Richmond with my cavalry, or what was left of it, and make my way South, cutting a road through the Union forces, if necessary."

"I was a very young man in those days and hope died hard. My thought was that if I could take my boys out of the trap we might form a nucleus about which the South could once more rally. My uncle expressed the opinion that the adventure was foolhardy, but finally gave a reluctant consent. So it happened that just thirty-three years ago to-night with my men I rode south, and by daybreak was safely beyond the Union lines."

"As I have said, in those days I was a very young man. I thought I had something of a corner in the knowledge market. Even the rough, hard knocks that had come to me during the war had not been sufficient to drive the conceit out of my head. I received a mental jolt that morning, however, that started me along the right path and soon placed me where I was willing to admit there were others who were at least fully as wise as myself. I had always held my uncle in the very highest respect. I still regard him as the military genius of the war, but at that time I thought I could see mistakes he had made."

"It was just at break of day, while we were riding down a rough country road, the dust of which had been laid by a heavy shower, that we came upon an old Southern woman. Perhaps she belonged to the poor white class, but her knowledge of men was profound. She stood in front of a cabin and I drew up and asked for a drink. As she handed me the gourd of water she inquired for news from Richmond."

"The war is all over, auntie," I responded, "we are going home. General Lee has surrendered."

"No he hasn't," was the quick response. "Perhaps that no 'count, shillies, triflin' General Fitzhugh Lee has surrendered, but not General Robert E. Lee. I know he has not surrendered, and the war is not ended."

"Even under the coat of tan that had accumulated during my four years of service I could feel

my face flush as I heard my companions' fruitless efforts to suppress their merriment.

"We rode on and we were perhaps four miles south of Richmond when a courier from General Lee overtook us, and I received my instructions, which meant the surrender of the last remnant of the army that had so valiantly defended Richmond."

"It seems hard to believe that more than thirty years have passed since I laid aside my gray uniform. I sincerely hope war with Spain will not come. Yet I will be very proud if permitted once more to don the army blue and to fight for my united country, and above all, to see fighting shoulder to shoulder the sons of those men in blue and gray who fought the Civil War to a finish before Richmond."

General Lee had his wish so far as wearing the blue again was concerned. Several of those who were with him in Havana the evening he related his adventure below Richmond were again with him in headquarters in the army of occupation when he established the model military camp a few miles outside of Havana. After the protocol had been signed and terms of peace between Spain and the United States agreed upon General Lee was reminded of the story he had told about his flight from Richmond. He laughed pleasantly, and after a moment of thought said:

"Well, boys, we haven't very much in all of this to be proud of. The result of the war was a foregone conclusion in Spain as well as in the United States. There was more fighting done in one of the skirmishes in the battle of the Wilderness than was done during the whole of our little difficulty with Spain. But just the same I am glad to be here."

WHO DRANK THE TODDY?
By Fitzhugh Lee.

In August, 1892, the armies of General Lee and General Pope confronted each other on the Rappahannock River, in Virginia. General Lee had determined to attack Pope, and conceived a plan as brilliant as it was daring. He purposed to leave one-half of his army under Longstreet in front



GENERAL LEE
From a Photograph Taken During the Spanish-American War

of Pope, and throw the other half, under Jackson, by a circuitous march to a point twenty-one miles exactly between him and Washington.

On August 24, 1892, Lee had 50,000 troops, while Pope could muster with Reno's corps of Burnside's division and Reynolds's division of Pennsylvania Reserves, about the same number; but two days later Pope's army was increased to 70,000 by the arrival of the corps of Fitz John Porter and Heintzelman.

When the disparity in numbers of the contending parties is considered Lee's strategy would be pronounced dangerous by any competent military critic.

In pursuance of his plan and to facilitate its execution a day or two before Jackson started Lee determined to throw his cavalry, under Stuart, twelve miles, in Pope's rear, at Catlett's Station, a point on the railroad connecting Pope with his capital.

At that place were encamped the reserve baggage and ammunition trains of Pope's army. There, too, were his headquarters, tents, with his personal effects. Stuart captured a number of officers and men, a large sum of money in a safe in one of the tents and dispatches and other papers, but the rain fell in such torrents and the night was so dark that it was not possible for Stuart to damage the railroad to any extent or to burn the railroad bridges or the acres of wagons before him, all of which, with the telegraph wires, would have seriously crippled Pope.

My command was in advance on that terrible rainy night. I was riding with the lieutenant commanding the platoon which formed the advance guard, when I suddenly saw, between the flashes of lightning, a man run across the road.

Under the influence of the spur my horse in a single bound reached the man, and under the influence of a pistol held to his head he told me that he was a servant of General Pope, and was there was his headquarters (tents), which, he said, were pitched in a clump of pines close by.

I made him get up in front of one of the troopers and guide a squadron, which I detached from the leading regiment, to the tents in the pines. On reaching the spot I quickly surrounded the Federal headquarters, and, seeing a light in

one of the tents, I dismounted and with one of my men entered it.

It was vacant, but filled with a large number of papers, showing where some one had been recently writing. There were also two glasses of toddy on the table.

A few days thereafter I captured a squadron of the Federal dragoons, under Major Thomas Hite, of the regular army, whom I had formerly known when a cadet at West Point.

One of the officers who had just arrived from Washington told me that he was at Willard's Hotel, in that city, and seeing a crowd around Major Clary, Pope's chief quartermaster, joined the group and found Clary telling of his escape from the Confederates at Catlett's Station a few nights before.

The Major said that he and Lewis Marshall, the latter being an aide-de-camp of Pope and a nephew of General Lee, were in one of the tents that night and that he had been working all day over his quartermaster's papers, and in view of the fact, as well as the tempestuous character of the night, he proposed to Marshall that they should take a drink.

"The whiskey was brought out," continued the Major, "sugar was put in glasses with the proper amount of water, to which a liberal allowance of whiskey was added. I was just pouring the toddy from one glass to the other, thinking how soon the situation would be improved by swallowing it, when I heard the noise of horses' hoofs, and the report of one or two pistol shots. I quickly put the glasses down, saying, 'I believe that is some of that damned Confederate cavalry!'

At this point of the narrative the Major paused, and after looking around, added, 'I don't know whether I drank that toddy or not. The Confederates were on us so quick, that Marshall and I lifted the side of the tent and rolled down into a friendly ravine, and remained there shivering in the drenching rain until they rode off.'

It only remains to say that Clary and Marshall did not drink the toddy they mixed, but that they rapidly disappeared down the throats of the two wet soldiers who found them.



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It Was Vacant but Filled with a Large Number of Papers — There Were Also Two Glasses of Toddy on a Table.

Raleigh Social News.
RALEIGH, N. C., May 29.—The overshadowing features of social activities in Raleigh the past week pertained to the annual music festival, the commencement of the three colleges for young women and the A. and M. College. The music festival was particularly successful from an artistic viewpoint, although, unfortunately, the financial side was not so successful. The Raleigh Choral Society, under the auspices of which it was given, having failed to take in enough to meet the expense, which was especially heavy on account of the very distinguished soloists brought here to take part. These were Miss Florence Hind, Miss Mary Campbell, Miss Mary Ward Strong, Frederick Martin and others. There was a notable reception Tuesday night at the A. and M. College, attended by several hundred people from the city. The faculty members and their wives and the officers of the senior class were the receiving party.

Miss Elizabeth Bass was hostess Friday evening for the graduates of the Raleigh High School and other friends. The guests were received by little Miss Dorothy Sherwood and Master Frederick Sloan. One of the features of the entertainment was a flower contest, in which Miss Louise Womble won the first prize and Professor Keeble, the booby.

Miss Mary Jones was hostess Thursday afternoon for the Kentness Book Club for the last meeting of the season.

A social feature of the St. Mary's school commencement season was the annual reception, given Tuesday night in the school parlors in honor of the seniors. In the receiving line were Rev. and Mrs. George W. Lee, Bishop Joseph Blount, Chesley and Mrs. Cheshire, Miss Eleanor Thomas, Principal, Miss Kate McKimmon and the members of the senior class, these being Miss Sallie Hayward, Miss Georgia Station Hale, Miss Minnie Leary, Miss Julia Louise Minnie, Miss Eva Rogerson and Miss Frankie Langore Bell.

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